CONSUMPTION DECLINING.

Steady Improvement in the Death Rate of Lute Years to This City.

"King Consumption," said a physician of reputation lately, "who has put so many in a lecline, is at last on a decline himself in this city. He has not lightened his hold upon those upon whom he has once fastened, but the number of his victims is steadily diminishing. The progress of the disease, after it is once seated, is pronounced by physicians to be more rapid than it was when this generation was young, and there is a much more rapid transit from its inception to its culmination. A score years ago cases of persons suffering from backing, wasting coughs for many years were its work in a briefer period, usually in two or three years. Consumption has done more to enrich quack medicine manufacturers than all

The number of nostrums that have been mense, and as varied, and their work as evanscent in its effect as the shifting groupings of the kaleidoscope. Each in its turn has beleft him no better, but rather worse, from the reaction following the temporary indulgence in fallacious hopes. No compound of drugs has stayed the disease, although the hypophosphitos, lime, soda, and manganese help arrest it before it has a real foothood. Cod liver oil is s food, supplying the fatty substances that most readily yield to the destroyer, but it merely feeds until the appetite of the disease merely feeds until the appetite of the disease becomes insatiable. Regular physicians look mainly to prevention, having little or no hope of curing consumption after it is once seated; but outside of their ranks all kinds of experiments are being made, Inhalation in various styles is practised with oxygon, nitrous oxide gas, and air impregnated with drugs. The milk care is one of the latest, the patients being sent to the mountains, where they are fed entirely on milk and breather the pure air of the higher altitudes. But, although post-mortem examinations have revealed completely clearized cavities in lungs, showing that forces and processes of nature had brought about a cure of consumption, the physicians have not as yet penetrated the secret. The injection of antisorie preparations has been proposed. Some eminent authorities hope for good results, but the value of the susgestion is yet to be demonstrated, and faith is reposed only in such means as may strengthen and harden the tissues sufficiently to turn the edge of the sharp teach of the consuming disease.

"The decrease in the number of deaths from consumption in this city is the result of prevention and not of curs. More care is being exercised in observing the laws of health. Physicians are steadily inculenting deeper treathing and chest expansion by walking, riding, rowing, and other exercise. More visits to the nountains are made, and the lighter air induces deeper and longer inspirations. Houses in the city are built with greater regard to ventication and comfort, and the style of dress conforms more closely to the requirements of health. This isospecially the case with women in the matter of shoes. Thin soles were once the rule. Now they are the exception." becomes insatiable. Regular physicians look women in the matter of shoes. This soles were once the rule. Now they are the excep-

The following table shows the population.
The following table shows the population in the years named for New York city:

Total Peaths from

This shows an average death rate for the eight years of 25.55 to the 1.000, which is a favorable one, but it does not accurately represent the general health, as 6.000 persons in round numbers die in the public institutions, who come largely from a floating population not included in the consus. The table shows an absolute decrease of 61 deaths from communition since 1882, and if the increase in population is taken into account the decrease since 1882 of 92 deaths for the last quarter of the year, and a relative decrease of 211, or at the rate of 844 for the year. The progress of the decrease will appear more clearly from the

appropriations for the Health Depart-having been cut down, the department en obliged to dismiss two clerks, and the by wards have not been completed since les by war is have not been completed since 2. That year shows the following figures of deaths from consumption:

The large number in the Nineteeth ward is contributed mainly by the public institutions. The spring months are the most trying, and in The large number in the Nineteeth ward is contributed mainly by the public institutions. The spring months are the most trying, and in 1882, during that quarter, 272 per cent, or 1.431 deaths occurred, against 2555 per cent, or 1.344 in winter, 22775 per cent, or 1.777 in the fail.

As the spring of the year is the most deadly, so the spring of life is the most dangerous period. In 1882, 83 in anta under one year died of this disease, and the rate reaches its highest noint between 20 and 25, 707 succumbing in that, the maturing, period. Nobely dies of consumution after 90. The periods of life show in 1882 as follows:

tible to the disease. The ship-fever year, 1849, depressed the people, and it was followed by a larger number of cases of concumption. Everything that depresses the spirits favors consumption. Poor people are more subject to despondency, and hence they supply the greater number of cases of consumption. While he was a physician in a dispensary, Dr. Leaming found the irish specially liable to consumption, particularly after the ship-fever year. A cheerful disposition is a great preventive. Heredity, he thinks, is merely a tondency. It does not transmit the disease itself, and children can by proper treatment be brought sout from its influence.

SILK CULTURE IN BROOKLYN.

An Enthustactic Halour of Coccous and His Interesting Discoveries.

Mr. John Dean of 216 Court street, Brooklyn, is preëminently a silk sharp, an enthusiast on silk in all its stages of production and forms of utilization. Ever since 1852 his favorite amusement every summer has been the cultivating of a large number of si'kworms hatching them out from their microscopical eggs, and carefully feeding and tending them until they have spun their coccons—for which, of course, like nearly all other American silk Silk growing in this country is, like virtue, its At present Mr. Dean has some twenty thou-

worms on nine large trays in the basement dining room beneath his store, and, as they are growing very rapidly and becoming altogether too crowded, he is hustling to get more trays for their accommodation. They are of all sizes, from little ones not bigger than cheese mites up to huge fellows nearly three inches long. Large or small, they seemed alike lazy. The silkworm has a predisposition against exercise, particularly after it has got big enough to be noticed, and can only be tempted to crawl by the prospect of nibbling on a fresh, july mulberry leaf. Not a few worms are even too lazy to do that, and, when a fray of fresh leaves is laid over them, will not take the trouble to clamber up through the meshes to get at them. Those worms Mr. Dean regards as hopeless. "If they are too lazy to out they will be too lazy to spin," he says, and he, a bundle of nervous activity, has no sympathy with such creatures. So, when leaning the lower trays, he dumps those shiftless fellows out in a corner of his back vard. Some of them when thus left to the mercies of some of them when thus left to the mercies of the cold world, seem to pull themselves to-gether, and hustle around for a new lease of life. He has planted a tiny grove of the mul-berry trees in the yard, and quite a number of the discarded worms, after holding their neses high in air for a day or two, snifting at the leaves apparently, and finding that the trees will not come to them, make a virtue of neces-sity and go to the trees.

the discarded worms, after holding their noses high in air for a cay or two, smilling at the leaves apparently, and, finding that the trees will not come to them, make a virtue of necessity and go to the trees.

That the worms live and flourish in the open air is not subsising, for Mr. Dean has fully demonstrated by several years' experience that there is a vere great deal of humbug in the notions of the scientists about what is requisite in the raising of silk worms. The authorities say that they must have a warm temperature to hatch in: that they must be sheltered from sovere changes in temperature, and shielded from damp. Well, Mr. Dean has had, to his temporary annoyance, a lot of eggs hatch out in his see box—where he was trying to keep them back—at a temperature of 40°, and for several successive seasons he has successfully reared worms and obtained fine occoons from them in the open air on the mulberry bushes in his back yard. Those put out there this year have thriven as well as the ones kept within doors, notwithstanding the long succession of cold rains and sharp winds that they have had to endure. The sparrows got a good many of them while they were small, but after they grew bigger than any measuring worm ever gets to be, the birds seemed afraid of them.

This demonstration of the feasibility of growing slik worms in the open air, without any other trouble than the cutting out of the excess on the trees and the eventual gathering of the market for them. Mrs. Doche of Corinth, Miss., has paid as much as 80 cents per pound for good ones. She is an expert recier, does the work systematically, and sells annually a considerable quantity of superb raw slik to manifecturer who should treat them simply as pierced cocoons for production of spun slik. A good many of them would be pierced and not a few imperfect, but that would not matter for the spun slik manufacturer, and very fine good are now made of sunn sik.

Mr Dean tells some interesting facts about his slikworms. He says that one ounce of eggs will pr

which he patiently revoved his head around him 300,000 or more times in forming that fillament into a eacoon may well be won-lered at During the lifth stage of growth, say in the last seven or eight days before commencing to spin, the worms are ravenously hungry. They eat day and night if they have snything to eat. If starved for a few hours at that time and then supplied with fresh leaves they are very liable to eat so greedily as to burst themselves, and the silk material that is in them in a fluid form runs out in color exactly like the silk filament. From twelve to fourteen pounds of leaves, Mr. Dean says, will enable the making of a pound of cocoons; three and a half pounds of cocoons will give a pound of raw silk. The number of cocoons required to weigh a pound varies from 300 large ones to ten times as many little ones.

Mr. Dean is enthusiastic upon the subject of silk culture eventually becoming one of the great industries of this country. He points

little ones.

Mr. Dean is enthusiastic upon the subject of silk culture eventually becoming one of the great industries of this country. He points out that we have not merely the different varieties of mulberry trees adapted for the food of the silkworm, but several other trees equally valuable as the food of certain specific varieties of the silkworm, such as the Osage orange, the aliantus, and the oak, which grow here abundantly. There are now flourishing in Prospect Park a good many of these silk works, and the eggs laid by the moths on the bark of the trees withstand successfuily all the severity of the winter season. This ability to resist cold has been noticed by Mr. Dean in his growing of worms on the bushes in his back yard. He has placed the moths on the small trunks of the bushes, where they have deposited their eggs, and although they have been coated over with ice often during the winter their vitality has not been impaired. ice often during the winter their vitality has not been impaired.

Mr. Dean has found growing in abundance on the ailantus trees in Brooklyn a variety of the silkworm that makes its cocoon by rolling a leaf around it and enveloping it in a mass of silken filament, first taking the precaution to secure the leaf to the branch by a strong band of silk. Mr. Carlyls, the Chief Engineer of Prespect Park, has given to Mr. Dean carte blanche to pursue his investigations into the habite of silk-making worms in the park, and he has made not a few interesting discoveries in that direction.

A POET'S SUIT FOR SLANDER. Louis Priechette Stirs up French-Canadian

Montreal, July 4.—A sensation has been created in the highest circles of French-Canadian society by Louis Friechette, the celebrated poet, who was created laureate by the French Academy in Paris two years ago, entering an action in court against J. E. Robidoux, an eminent lawyer and member of the provincial Parliament, to recover \$10,000 damages for sinnear lawyer and member of the provincial Parliament, to recover \$10,000 damages for sinnear lawyer and member of the provincial Parliament, to recover \$10,000 damages for sinnear lawyer and member of the provincial Parliament, to recover \$10,000 damages for sinnear lawyer and the state of a family, and as such has enjoyed public esteem and most perfect domestic happiness; that jealous of this esteem and the pinness and wishing to put an end to it, defendant trampled on every sentiment of honor and decency, and through malice, wrote from Montreal in April last to the wife of plaintiff a certain letter very insulting to her, and filled with pretended revelations as to the worth of the plaintiff and his conjugal conduct; that defendant intended to convey that plaintiff systematically, and from year to year, was unfaithful to his wife with a friend of hers, and lived in permanent adultery against all his domestic and social dules, and that he thus denounces the biaintiff and his wife, and consequently the breaking up of his family.

The lotter was registered in the Post Office here and endorsed with the worths: "To be delivered only on getting ree-ipt from Mme. Friechette." Two days after she got the latter plaintiff reserved one from defendant charging him with selling his political convictions for personal considerations and turning traitor to his party, and that defendant has repeated his charges to a large number of persons in Montreal and Quebec, thus causing great damage to the public reputation of plaintiff, who has been a member of the Federal Parliament and defendant ware former law partners, but senarated. Mr. Friechetts subsequently claiming a balance that From the St. Paul Globe.

MONTREAL, July 4.—A sensation has been

HENRY CLAY AND THE TROUT.

The Statesman's Irrepressible Excitement Over a Big Cateb.

BIG BEINK POND, Pa., July 8 .- Of the 200 lakes that are distributed among the mounain tops of Wayne and Pike counties, Pa., one of the most wonderful chains of natural lakes n the whole country outside of Maine and Minnesota, Big Brink Pond is one of the largest and most charmingly located. exception of Lake Laura, or Knob Pond. which is on the summit of High Knob, Pike ounty, nearly 2,500 feet above the sea, and one or two of the lakes in northern Wayne county Big Brink is at a higher aftitude than any of the others. It is in the midst of woods, nearly 2,000 feet above tide, and with water as pure and clear as crystal. It is ten miles from Milford, the county seat of Pike, over the old Milford and Owego turnpike, now resembling anything but the main line of communication between New York city and the lake country of western and central New York and the southern tier as it was fifty years ago. The pond, like all these mountain lakes, was once famous haunt of the trout, but the voraclous pickerel was unwisely introduced into its vaters many years ago, and to-day, with the exception of one or two that have in some way scaped the pickerel infliction, no trout lurk in their depths. A resident of Pike county, who has fished in its waters and hunted in its woods for sixty years, has given the writer some ineresting reminiscences of sport in Brink Pond

in the ante-pickerel days.
"The biggest trout I ever knew to be caught in these waters," he said. "I captured one summer, over fifty years ago, under circumstances that I never shall forget. In those days the old turnpike was the busiest and most

profitable highway in the country. Four or five immenses six-horse coaches, loaded with massengers, and scores of freight wagons, passend over it in both directions daily to and from the lake country. Consequently there were many strange faces to be seen every day at the waysides tage tayorns, of which there were several famous ones in this region. One of the most noted of these, and the last of its race, was torn down recently to be replaced by a sawmill. As this section was then the greatest hunting and flashing country to be found anywhere, it often happened that travellers stopped over at one or the other of these taverns to spend a few days in the woods or on the ponds.

Your days in July, noting store recently forn down who can be the west-bound conches drove up. A spare, peculiar-looking man alighted and told the landlord that he intended to remain a day or two, as he was destrous of oating some of the trout of the country, of which he had frequently heard, and to see them caught, as be was no fisherman himself. This was toward nightfall, and as I knew all the woods and ponds the landlord ongged me to show the stranger the country. We went to pling Brink Fond the next morning, and the stranger insisted on rowing the boat from point to point while I fished. He enjoyed the sport immensely, and would become greatly excited whenever I hooked an unusually big fish. Finally I dropped my line down by the side of a big rock where the water boils up cold and clear. Instantly the hook was selzed, and the nature of the strike told me at once that I had hooked a monster. I hooked him well, and winn he came up out of that water with a skyrocket can be turned a side toward me bronder than any I had sever seen on any trout before.

"My companion was wild, and I had all I could do to keep him from upsetting the load in profit of the down the began to shore the sign is not the boat, and before I divined his intention, be struck the trout a blow with the oar that put all further danger of escape out of the acreament of th

and dumped them in Brink Pond. In three or four years all the rest of the ponds were stocked with them, and in ten years or so you might as well have expected to harpoon a whale in any of the ponds as to catch a trout."

Until within two or three years the sole dwellers about Brink Pond were Barney Steigler and his wife. They lived for many years in a cosey cabin near the nond, and Mirs. Steigler was famous the country round for her superior cooking of fish. Brink Pond contains a most delicious species of catish, in the catching of which Barney was an expert, and in the cooking and serving of which his wife had no equal. They made a comfortable living in this way, their cabin being visited almost daily by parties who purchased Barney's fish and paid Mirs. Barney for cooking them. The one great sorrow of their lives, until old age came upon them and forced them to become charges upon the township, was the dog that Ed. Cahilli New York unwittingly made a homeloss wanderer of. He had taken the late Judge John Scott to Brink Pond to show him how to catch pioserel. He stood on the shore to make a cast. Pinkey stood behind him a few feet away, with his upright stump of a tail turned toward the fisherman. Cahill made his cast. The hook struck Pinkey at the root of the tail and sank deep into the ficesh. With a howl that made the woods ring. Pinkey started onward. He unwound Cahill's line from the reel until it buzzed like a sawmill, and made the circuit of the caoin three times, closely pursued by the hook. Then the line broke, and Pinkey took to the woods while Barney and Mirs. Harney stood by la.loud lamentation. Pinkey disappeared over the hill with the hook still after him, and never came back any more.

back any more,
Two or three years ago Prof. De Rialp, a rich
New Yorker, purchased Brink Pond and 3,000
acres of land around it. He has erected a fine
residence here, and spends his summers among
the wild but charming surroundings.

FOR LOVE OF A ZANZIBAR MAIDEN Lieut. Sale's Infatuation, and the Interna

tional Bother that Grew Out of It. In April last the cable announced that the Portuguese Consul at Zanzibar had hauled down his flag and was about to depart in high dudgeon. For several days there was a great tempest in a teapot, and then things quieted down and gave lookers on a chance to find out what the rumpus was all about. It was learned that the strained relations between the two Governments had grown out of the love affairs of Lieut, Salé, the son of a Portuguese Count, who held a commission in the army of the Sul-

tan of Zanzibar. This festive young man met the comely daughter of a well-to-do Arab merchant and fell violently in love with her. He cared not a cent for all the belies of Portugal, but he couldn't live without this dusky beauty of Zanzibar. She declined to marry him because he was a Roman Cathelle. That stumbling block was easily removed. Lieut. Salé abjured Catholleism, suddenly blossomed out as a devout follower of Mohammed, and soon after the love-smitten convert and the Arab belle were married.

The honeymoon did not last very long. Lieut. Salé soon graw tired of a wife who couldn't read or write, and had seen nothing of the world outside of Zanzibar. He suddenly became recoverted to the Roman Catholic faith and deserted his bride. He then decided that the climate of Zanzibar was very unhealthy, and applied to the Sultan for a long leave of absence. The doctor of the Sultan left the young man's buise and pronounced him perfectly well. The Sultan thereupon told the Lieutenant that he was a fraud and a base deceiver, and clanped him into jail without any ceremony.

The Bultan, it happened, had agreed some time before that the Portuguese Consul-General had not been consulted in this case, he made things unpleasant for his Highness, Sald Bargash, and finally hauled down his flag, a proceeding that the Sultan could not contempiate with indifference when Portugal was looking enviously at a bit of his African territory, and was not unwilling to pick a chance to quarrel. So Sald Bargash hastoned to applicate, Lieut, Salé marched out of jail with an indomnity in his pocket, and the flag floated asain from the Portuguese Consulate. faughter of a well-to-do Arab merchant and fell violently in love with her. He cared not a

Anecdotes of Notable Lovers of Brilliante in

this Town and Eleewhere. Diamonds have their lovers among men as well as among women. When men get the diamond fever, however, they are apt to be much more vulgar and persistent in the matte of display than women. The latter are not in-frequently keen judges of values, and well inormed on everything pertaining to their jewels. but are also imbued with a good deal of the ame spirit as that which inspires all collectors of rare and beautiful objects of art. While it seems eminently proper for women to in-dulge their fancy for the beautiful brilliants. men who wear many diamonds are usually the objects of more or less ridicule. When a man indulges in diamonds he has but one apparent ambition—to wear as big and as many stones as his purse will buy. The jealousy of one dismond-loving man of another diamond-loving man is bitter and open. The writer was once a witness to the first

meeting of Mr. Pony Moore of the famous Moore & Burgess Minstrels of London and Mr. Charley Davis, a well-known American theat rical manager. Both men are known everywhere for their elaborate display of diamonds. Mr. Davis had just arrived in town, and he stood leaning carelessly against the end of the Moron House bar, with the light scintillating about him and jumping in brilliant flashes from ring to stud and back again. Dozens of magnificent stones were on exhibition spon Mr. Davis's prosperous looking exterior, and he had not been in position long before scores of hungry eyes belonging to the walking gentlemen and depressed tragedians on the sidewalk were peering through the windows. Mr. Davis stood there a brilliant spectacular object for a time. when a local manager of larking propensities caught sight of him, and immediately sped across the Rialto to a drinking saloon

kept by one Collins, which is much frequented by theatrical folk. There, in the centre of an admiring group, sat Mr. Pony Moore of London. He wore a waistcoat cut so low that it readily gave room for the exhibition of three mammoth studs. Each shirt stud was composed of eight or ton big diamonds. His caff buttons were remarkable collections of brilliants, and his rings, collar buttons, and watch-chain ornaments dazzled the eye. Taken in conjunction with Mr. Pony Moore's plastic mug, elegant manners, and loud check ciothes, the exhibit was rather striking. The London minstrel was in radiant humor telling negro stories in a crude Hibernian dialect, when the manager rushed in.

"Poney," he said, with great emphasis, "this is the greatest piece of luck I ever heard of. My friend, Charley Davis, has just come to town, and I want you to meet him and make it piesasant for him. He's quiet and retring, but you can easily warm him up. Come on."

Mr. Moore was all affability, and willingly wobbled across the square toward the Morton House, making the eyes of the waiking gentlemen and tragedians stand out further than over. Mr. Davis was standing in his accustomed place when he and Mr. Moore were introduced. Neither man said a word, but each eved the other keenty. Then Mr. Davis said. "Good day." but Mr. Moore was muto. Each glanced at the other's diamonds, and after a long silouce the great English minatrel made a profoundly sutirical bow and slaiked out of sight without raying the slightest attention to the many invitations to drink.

That the love for diamonds is extreme at times is proved by the number of men who will wear seedy clothes and live in wretched quarters. It is not an unusual sight to see a thin but hapty clerk walking Broadway in the winters. It is not an unusual sight to see a thin but hapty clerk walking Broadway in the winters. It is not an unusual sight to see a thin but hapty clerk walking Broadway in the winters. It is not an unusual sight to see a thin but hapty clerk walking Broadway in the winters

town in America. Dr. Lighthall's fortune was in his diamonds. He was a street peddler, and he sold vast quantities of harmiess tooth powder through the attention his diamonds attracted. He were twenty diamond rings, shirt studs, collar and cull buttons, and a string of diamonds for a watch chain. Every button on his coat and waistooat was gold, and set with brilliant stones, and the rim of his great white sombrero was beaded with bright stone; Though some of the stones may have been spurious, there is no doubt that the majority of them were genuine. The appearance of the Doctor as he waiked through the streets at night was so extraordinary that crowds followed him wherever he went. His wife always accompanied him, carrying boxes of the tooth powder, this labor being considered too menisifor her magnificent husband. Whenever the Doctor stopped in his pompous parades to sell tooth powder the public pushed forward eagerly, though it is at first blush a bit difficult to see exactly what relation exists between tooth powder and diamonds.

When the stages were running on Broadway the drivers were fond of poking quiet fun at a one-eyed man who rode up and down town all day long in an apparently fruitless effort to create havoe in the hearts of the ladies. He was not noticeably successful. He would throw so much soul, fire, and energy in the glare of that solitary eye that it usually frightened away rather than attracted the wandering glances of the women passengers in the stages. He was square-out, short, and direct. He wore half a dozen diamond so great beauty. They were exquisitely clear and bright, and they attracted great attention. Another man much given to diamond wearing is the pallid and sharp-featured secretary of a prominent insurance company. The Union Club men who made such a sudden splurge in the way of diamond rings about three years ago, and started the fashion of wearing many rings among men, are now giving up the habit. Men of fashion, habit, or propriety. He wears his gems at all times and in all cla

MARRIED WOMEN'S NAMES.

Resping their Maiden Name in Addition to the Husband's Surname-Evil to a Bride from Suppressing her Natal Patronymic

the Husband's Surname-Evil to a Bride from Suppressing ber Natal Patronymic.

From London Society.

It is becoming the fashion among married ladies to keep their maiden name in addition to their husband's surname. This practice has long been in vogue among actresses and other ladies who have made a reputation for themselves before marriage, the benefit of which they are unwilling to lose, The names of Meadames Goldischmidt-Lind. Trebelli-Bettini, Lemmens-Sherrington, and hosts of others, will readily occur to every one as cases in point. But until lately the fashion was confined to actresses, singers, authoresses, and other ladies whose loss at marriage through the change of name would have been so substantial a pecuniary one that it might be estimated in the control of the c

The Percherons at Home and the Great Con-

Prom the Hartford Nime.

NOGENT-LE-ROTROU, France, June 23.—The particular occasion which induced me to forsake Paris and come down here, 150 miles southwest of the metropolis, was the exhibition of Percheron horses at Nogent-le-Rotrou, which is the business centre of the Percheron region.

There were in the neighborhood of 400 stallions and mares in the show, and never in the history of the Perche had there been such an exhibition either as to number or quality. As the horse has been the life and wealth of the region, all the energies of Nogent-le-Rotrou were exerted to do him honor on this occasion. The entire business of the old town of 7,000 inhabitants was suspended, and thousands of francs were expended in the decorations of the streets and public and private residences. The principal streets were spanned with triumphal arches, backed with French and American flags (for it is especially for the American market that these horses are bred), and above one arch was the amiable inscription:

Honeur is all sepublique Americaine.

At least two miles of the principal streets

"How's Dusiness?" Inquired an Engager, reporter of a well-known Vine airset sport the other day.

"Quiet, dead quiet. Nothing going on."

"No faro on the quiet?"

"No faro on the quiet?"

"No poker?"

Damed little. Agame or so on the quiet is worked here and there, but on the whole the boys are lying very low just now. By the way, I see Prof. Proctor is coming over to this country to lecture on whist. I shouldn't be surprised if the old man gave us a lecture on draw poker, as there is no telling what those smart cranks won't attempt. Some time ago the Professor wrote a series of stricles on draw poker, and they made me tired. He is saily off his hase on almost all the points he advances. He says poker is not the gambler's game, as there is a licigather too much science in it, and we have a green comment of the same of the same and the same of At least two miles of the principal streets were ornamented with branches of svergreen planted like trees, only four or five yards a part, on either side of the street, and from these evergreens were wires bearing Chinese inaterns two feet apart, while the houses were similarly strung with lanterns. On three or four of the principal squares many cart loads of sand had been dumped and shaped into artificial flower beds, in which pots of flowers were planted here and there. The enthusiatic decorators water playing over the theatiful sorays of the street of the control of the principal squares many cart loads of sand had been dumped and street the station by two regiments of infantry and a avaity escort, with eight bands of music. He was thus conducted to the show, and the prize borses were led out before him, and then in the evening he was banqueted at the Hotol de Ville.

There were about three hundred men at the banquet ino ladies), including the Minister of Agriculture, the Prefect of the Department, who ranks with the Governor of a State in America, the sous-prefect, a Senator, and sevaral other State officials. At the table of Americans I noticed the following woll-known importers of French thorses. Hoesers, Case of Minimore State officials.

If the state of the following woll-known in Ritter of Suringbron, Pa. Peterson of Minnesota, Jolidon and Fulion of Illinois, Bowies of Wiccomin, Ritter of Suringbron, Pa. Peterson of Minnesota, Jolidon and Fulion of Illinois, Bennet of Topeka, Kansas: Farnhum of Michigan, and others. The banquot, was given at the expense thy no means slightly of the Percheron stud book and the now French stud book. At present there is but one stud book, the Percheron stud book which has been in existence between two and three years. No horse is eligible to registry in this book, unless it has been netually born within the procheron district, of These great breeders and buyers of French horses, establic divided in a bitter contest' over the question of the old Percheron stud book and the

and pretends to reshuffle them for all that's out, when, in fact, he is doing nothing of the sort, but will hand the cards back to the dealer precisely as they were given to him. Tho result is there are a number of good hands out, and nobody kicks, because the deal had every appearance of being square. Now, how in the world is an outsider going to protect himself against such tricks? Why, even faro is an innocent game when compared to draw poker."

"How can an innocent play the game with any safety?"

"By letting it alone. An innocent has no earthly business to tackle poker."

"How can a man become a poker player?"

"By playing with Dick. Tom, and Harry, and thereby learning all the ropes of the game, He must keep his eyes open and be able to catch on to all the tricks of the game without being perceived in the act. He must study the players more than the cards. He must never allow any one to get on to his game, and must binflively now and then to throw the other players off the geent. He must be the same, winning or losing—must never smile or growh, but keen still, lay low and see all that is going on. Let him watch the draw closely, and in a short time he will be able to know just what the player is drawing to—a pair, two pairs, threes, a straight, or a flush. Then if he thinks he has the best hand after the draw, even if one or all of his opponents have bettered their hands, let him shove in his chips to the full extent of the limit at once, and not wait for them to play his hand in the draw let him simply call them, and not run the risk of being entrapped and play their hands for them, for if they have caught on at all he is bound to be beat.

"If there are four or five in a game, and there is a jack pot on hand, and you are the first or queens in your hand, and you are the first or queens in your hand, and you are he first or queens in your hand, and you are he first or queens in your hand, and you will do well to oas by, as you have very little in the pot, to icae, and there is no use of your risking a st

Perche which, taken into the system of the horse through the pasturage, produces bone and muscle, and that a colt born of Percheron parents and not raised on Perche pasture, while it will be superior to all other draught horses, will not be equal to one raised in Perche. The business of importing Francis horses to America has made wonderful advances during the last few years. The first Franch horse imported into the United States for breeding was taken there by Edward Harris of Moorestown. New Jersey, in 1839. He then took one stallion and two marce, from which the famous "Louis Philips" was produced. But the first extensive importations were made in 1851, by Dr. Brown of Circleville, Ohio, and by the Fullingtons of Union county, Ohio, who had brought from France "Louis Napoleon." This when a young importations were made in 1851 by Dr. Brown of Circleville, Ohio, and by the Fullingtons of Union county, Ohio, who had brought from France "Louis Napoleon." This when a young colt was nicknamed "Fullington's Folly." but it proved to be a valuable piece of folly. He sold the horse to a Mr. Cushman, who in 1858 sold him to Dillon & Co. of Bloomington, Itinois, and the progeny of that horse made the fame of the French horses in America. In 1805 Mark Dunham of Illinois began to import, and finding the Percheron horse better than any other, he imported mainly from Percle. He made the fame of Perche, and effected a corner by refusing to buy of any Porche breeder who would even show horses to any other buyer. As he then bought more than all others combined, he maintained this corner until two or three years ago, and it was absolutely impossible for anybody else to buy a Percheron horse at any price until after Dunham had had the pick of the lot. But at last other buyers succeeded in breaking the corner, and it became an open market, as it is now.

There are no large breeding farms in France as in America. There are men who own perhaps 125 or 150 stallions, but the mares belong to farmers, who only own two or three, enough to work their farms, and it is from these workmares that the best coits come. In fact there are no others. There are few mares slipped to America, and what are shipped are the showy ones which the men of Perche say are the poorest breeders.

The stallioners know by their books when a colt is to be born on any farm. As soon as that colt is born, which is usually in early spring, the stallioners know by the stallioner, who buys the colt before it is a week old. But he leaves the colt there with its mother until September, when it must be delivered to him in good condition. It then remains on the stallioner's pasture until it is about two years old, when it it is sold to the American importer.

Probably a thousand stallions will go to America from France this senson which will bring in America not less

A KENTUCKY OUTRAGE. Man and his Wife Tuken from their Bed and Flogged-The Man's Beath.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

And Flogged—The Man's Beath.

Prom the Louisville Courier-Journal.

MT. VERNON, Ky., June 28.—This afternoon it was reported that the remains of a man were found in the woods north of here. The County Judge summoned a jury and proceeded to the place. There iny at the foot of a small blackook aspling the decomposed remains of a man's body. Fleeces of bark were still loanging around the wrists and ankies, indicating that both hands and feet had been tied, white some twelve feet above the ground, suspended from a tree by a strip of white walnut bark, was a man's head.

The jury returned this verdict: "We of the jury find the body before us to be that of Joe Ramsey, and that he came to his death by hanging himself. William Stewart, foreman."

On Friday night, the 11th inst., a party of masked men went to Ramsey's house, and, taking him and his wife from their beds, gave them a terrible beating and notified them to leave within ten days. Ramsey left home the next morning and tried, but failed, to sell his proporty, of which he had but little. He stayed with some of his neighbors saturdsy night, Sunday, and Sunday night, and went home Monday morning to make a few minutes' visit, and then, amid the cries of his children, went away, no one, not even his own family, knowing whither, until the discovery of to-day.

On the 16th linst, Amanda Hamsey, wife of the deceased, came before County Judge Lair and swore out a writ charging Thomas Hays with being one of the party who whit pead her and her husband so un persifully. Hays was arrested, and as a result of his preimbnary trial was held under a bond in the sum of \$300 to answer at the next Circuit Court.

The whipping of Ramsey and his wife is only one of the many midnight outrages that have recently been committed in the centry, and as the excitement runs higher the feeling of indignation grows stronger aga as the preparators, and the feeling of sympathy grows warner toward the widow and children whom poor Ramsey leaves.

Prem the Torente Week.

From the Toronto Week. Oxford, June 20.—American democracy, whatever the merits or fauts may be, has only its own heat to fry. It is not called upon, like the mease of electoral ignorance and passion around me, to rule the destinate of a weigh wide empire. Goldwig sarra. From the Cincinnast Enquirer.

DRAW POKER. A Cincinnati Cambler Gives Some Exc

WASHINGTON WILL REAT THEM ALE Professor Goldwin Smith Thinks that She will Surpass all Other Cities and He Our Intellectual as well as Political Capitals Prom Macmillan's Magazine. "How's business?" inquired an Enquirer eporter of a well-known Vine street sport America has hitherto had no social and inreporter of a well-known Vine street s the other day. "Quiet, dend quiet. Nothing going on." "No fare on the quiet?"

tellectual capital. Boston, with all its culture, is not national but local, and the severity of its climate must always be a drawback from its attractions. New York is commercial, and to a

graet switch migratory, people coming there to make fortunes and going eleawhere to acception them, though there is not a little of them, though there is not a little society. Philadelph and a latiturer are very pleasant, the but neither of them has any metropolitan preronsions; still less have the graet cities of the West. Washington, however, bids fair to fill the part.

In the course of the last twenty years a wonder of the course of the last twenty years a wonder of residence for people and a corresponding the last twenty years a last year of the last taken place in its of the last taken place in the last

escope. At the gate of the Executive Mansion Gen. Jackson on horseback looks as though he were heading a cavarry charge of inconceivable fury: whereas, if regard were had to the real character of his victory, he would be represented standing behind a row of cotton bales. But scuipture seems to be a lost art.

Every victor to Washington, of course, goes to hear a debate. In the House of Representatives he will be lucky if he hears anything at all. The hall is very large; its acoustic properties seem to be almost as bad as those of our Houses at Westminster, and the hubbub of conversation is incressant and unrestrained.

The average of the spraking is, I should say, decidedly higher than in our Parliament; and it is no longer in the "spread-eagle" and "high-falutin" style; Americans, though singularly impatient of, criticism, are also singularly impatient of, criticism, are also singularly impatient of, criticism, are also singularly duck in profiting by it. But of the American speakers that I have heard, hardly one, I think, has been free from a grave d-fect, attributable perhaps partly to college training in elecution. You always feel that they are speaking for effect; whereas when listening to Mr. John Bright you feel that his object is communicate and impress his convictions.

Endowed with all the resources of a virgin continent, recruited by copious immigration of the high-st quality, and added by all the appliances of modern science, the American republic has advanced with mervellous rapidity, and has traversed in a few generations the space which it has taken other nations many centuries to traverse, But this same randity of progress has shortened her youth, and is bringing her airandy face to face with the political and social difficulties of a nation's maturer are; while the multitude of black faces and wooliy heads in the streets of Washington reminds one at every turn that, besides the problems which she has in common with other countries.

No Talk-No Congressman.

No Talk—No Congressman.

From the Washington Critic.

A couple of Wastern men from the mountains were in town, and bearing that an elecutionary Congressman was to do a declamation at an interinament, concluded to go and hear him. When they got in and word rasic, the yentrest one asked his companion which was the tongressman.

"He's that pians lookin' feller setting thar with his hans folded, "replied Dave, condidently.
"Shore? questioned doubting Thomas.
"Course I am. I useler know four or five uv'em, 'an they all booked like him."

Finally the Congressman rose to appak, His selection was "Richerly" Address," and Dave and Tom were all attention as the speaker came forward, bowed, and began:
"I came not here to fall—"
Tom looked at his congressman, which, plays, "he said ma witisper," "that ain't no Congressman; "les go." and they got up and went out.

Stomach

hand as you are, and if he does, where are you, even though you have bettered yours? If you are the dealer, and open a jack pot with only a pair, or even two pairs, open it as high as the limit allows, so that nobody will come in and thereby beat you by helping a small pair, or filling a bobinilatraight or flush. I have seen a a dealer with three aces in his hand open a pot light so that all the other players would come in, and some chap drawing to a straight or flush, would eatch on and rake in the chips. "See that the cards are always cut after each dealer, and play as square as you know how, but when you do attempt to be tricky let it be for dollars and not for a nickel. If you are a boas player avoid a limited game, and if you are a natural chump never go beyond a tencent limit under any circumstances, for the moment you do you are bound to go broke. Step out when you are a good winner, whether the others like it or not, as you are not living for them, or not even playing for their comfort, but to beat them for all there's in them; and if you are losing don't stay all night and lose your shirt in the sad attempt to catch on, for nine chances out of ten you won't."

Mr. Cleveland's Carefulness. From the Washington Capitol. I heard yesterday a good story illustrating he care that President Cleveland exercises before approving bills which are sent to him by Congress. The late Senator Miller of California had been much inter-ested in the passage of a bill for the relief of certain in ormers, whose claim accrued while he was Collector of the Port of San Francisco. After his death the fact

that he had been interested in the bill was quite influential in securing its passage in both Houses. When it reached the President he looked into

it with his usual care and discovered that some \$500, which the bill appropriated, had already been paid to the parties. When Representative Felton went to urge the President to approve the

bill he was informed of that fact, and told that it would be necessary to have the money refunded, and that if it were not ratunded he would be compelled to veto the

hill. Mr. Pelton went away and returned on the minth day after the bill reached the President, end again spoke about the matter. Mr. Cleveland, then told him that he

rould insist on the payment of the money, and that if Ir. Felton chose to give his check for the amount, which

was \$803.00, he would approve the bill, but otherwise he would certainly veto it. Mr. Felton thereupon gave his

check for the amount, which was turned into the Treas

ury, and the President signed the bill.

drinking, late suppers, the excessive use of stimulants, and a scrofulous condition of the blood. Ayer's Sarsa parilla is the most efficacious remedy for all such dis rders. "I am convinced that the worst cases of Dyspepsia

Can be

ured by taking Ayer's Sareaparilla. I suffered greatly from this complaint for years, and never took any medicine that did me any good until I commenced using Ayer's Sareaparilla. I took four bottles of this prepara-tion last spring, and my appetite, health, and strength were completely restored.—RIGHARD M. NORTON,

Danbury, Conn.

Mr wife was long subject to severe Headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. After trying various remedies, without relief, she used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was speedily cured .- S. PAGE, 21 Austi-As a remedy for Debility, Faintness, Loss of Appetite,

Esspared by Dr. J. C. AVER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Sar saparilla soperilla, and was sured.—H. MANSFIELD, Chelmstord,

Troubles

Never come alone. If the Liver, Kidneys, or Bowels are disordered, other parts of the body become affected.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla restores the vigor required for the sealthy action of these organs more speedily than any other medicine. ** A few bottles of Ayer's Bares-

Cured

me of Kidney Disease, when all other medicines failed. It is the most reliable and best remedy for this com-plaint known to me.—ELI DODD, Zenia. Ill. I was afficied with a severe bowel difficulty; my vitality seemed to be racidly diminishing, my appetite failed, my tongue was badly coated, and my strength was gone. In this cofeebled condition I began taking Ayer's Sarsapartila. I had not taken many does before I noticed a decided change for the better. My appetite and strength returned, and my whole system manifested renewed vizor.—E. B. SIMONDS, Glover, Vt. I have used Ayer's Medicines in my family, with sat-

isfation, for years, and always have a bottle

in the house: it is so good for the blood .- Mrs. h. THRUVEGEN, Parth Amboy, N. J. Sold by Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.